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2 of **3**

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NICK SIMMONS ♦ NAM KIM

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ISSUE 2 OF 3

PREVIOUSLY... Ignoring Ripley's call for the Revenants to retreat, Mot and Connor stand their ground and fight against Vincent and SANCTUM, the secret military organization/religious cult that's determined to destroy all Revenants. During the battle, Mot is wounded by Vincent's strange new weapon and is taken captive, along with Connor, by Father Vane's daughter, Sibyl.

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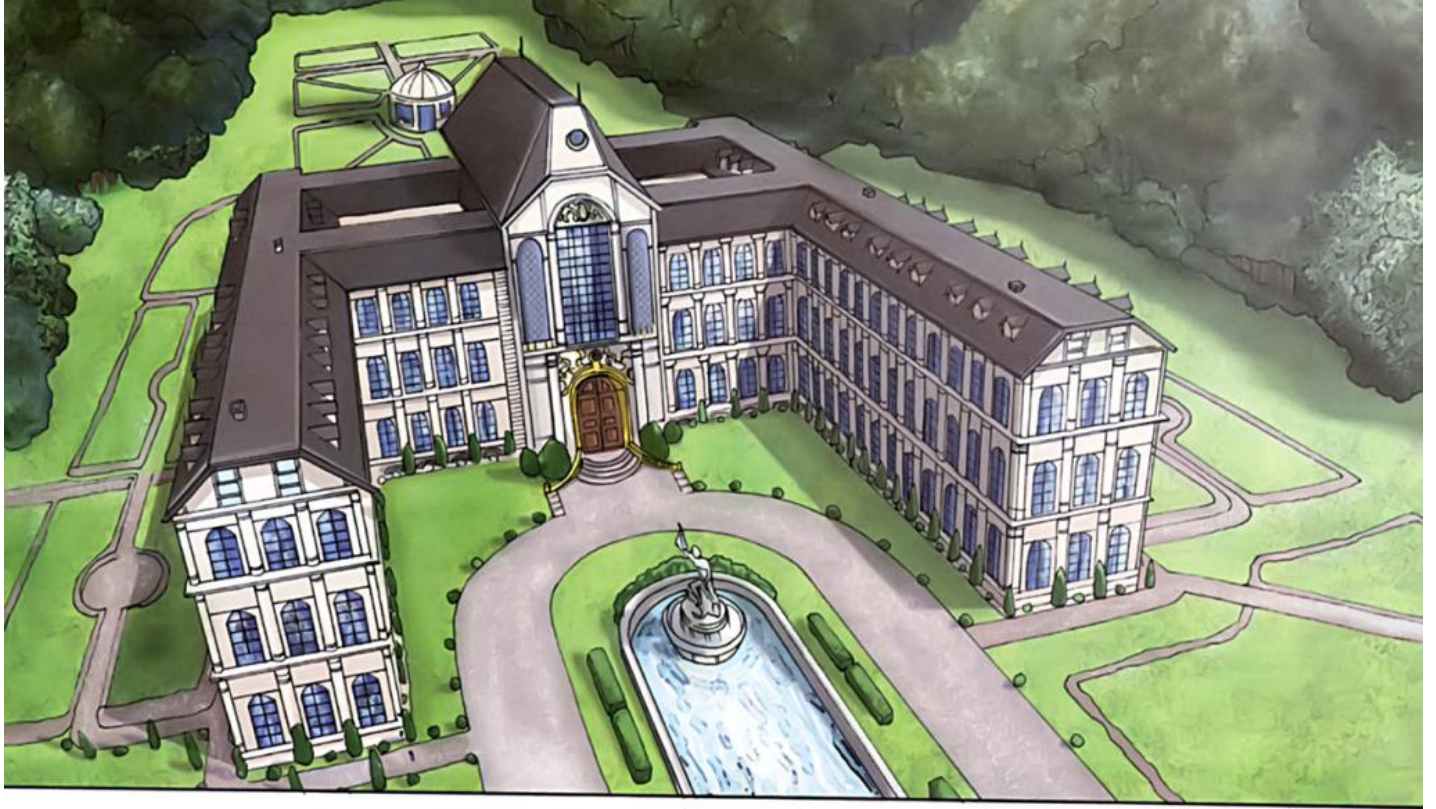


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I SHOULD BE DEAD.



THAT'S IT, ISN'T IT?
THAT'S THE HUB
OF IT ALL.

I SHOULD
HAVE CHOSEN
DEATH.

I'VE OVERSTAYED
MY WELCOME IN
THE WORLD.



...NO.

I WAS
NEVER
WELCOME
TO BEGIN
WITH.

DO YOU
REGRET?



THE PREVIOUS NIGHT...

HULLO, BOYS.
MY NAME IS SIBYL.
AND YOU TWO...
WELL, LET'S JUST
SAY, YOU ARE AT
A CROSSROADS
IN YOUR
UN-LIVES.

ON YOUR FIRST
PATH, YOU DIE MEANINGLESSLY
AND GIVE MY GENERAL VINCENT
THE PLEASURE OF CUTTING YOU
TO BLOODY LITTLE PIECES. YOUR
CARCASSES WILL BECOME
EXPERIMENTS FOR MY FATHER'S
MILITARY SCIENTISTS.

ON YOUR
SECOND PATH,
HOWEVER...

...YOU
COME WITH
ME.

CHOOSE
WELL,
BOYS.

FINE THEN.
KILL ME.

WHOA,
MOT, HOLD ON
JUST A SECOND!
LET'S AT LEAST
HEAR HER OUT
FIRST!

WHY ARE
YOU SO STUBBORN?
THE FIGHT'S OVER,
YOU LOST. THERE'S
NO NEED TO KILL
ANYBODY.

AS
LONG
AS I HAVE
TEETH AND
WILL, THIS
FIGHT WILL
NOT BE
OVER,
GIRL.

WELL
I'M SURE
WE CAN
FIND A WAY
TO TAKE
CARE OF
BOTH OF
THOSE.

AND
WHAT ABOUT
YOU, BIG
GUY?

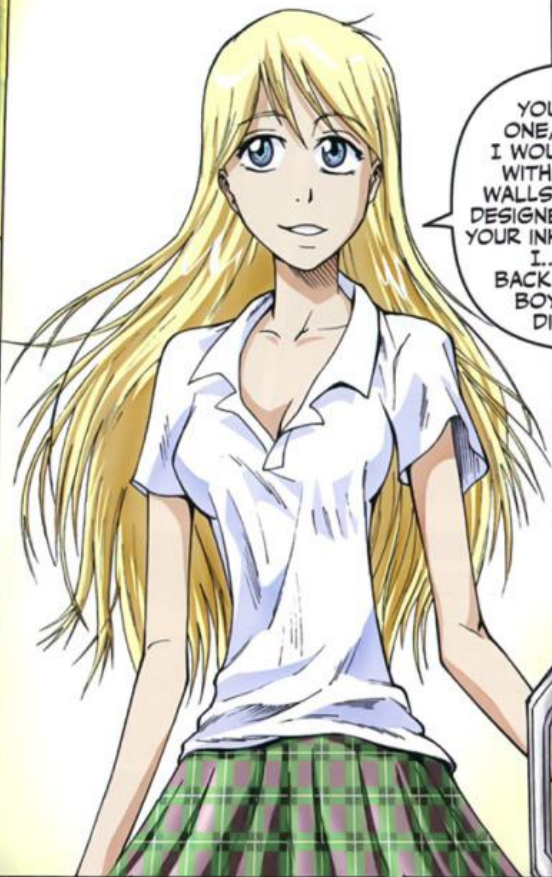
WE DON'T
REALLY HAVE A
CHOICE, DO WE?
YOU'VE ALREADY
MADE THE
DECISION TO
TAKE US.

BINGO.
WOW, SMART
AND CUTE,
I THINK YOU
AND I ARE
GOING TO GET
ALONG JUST
FINE.

RIGHT.
LET'S WRAP
THIS UP,
THEN.



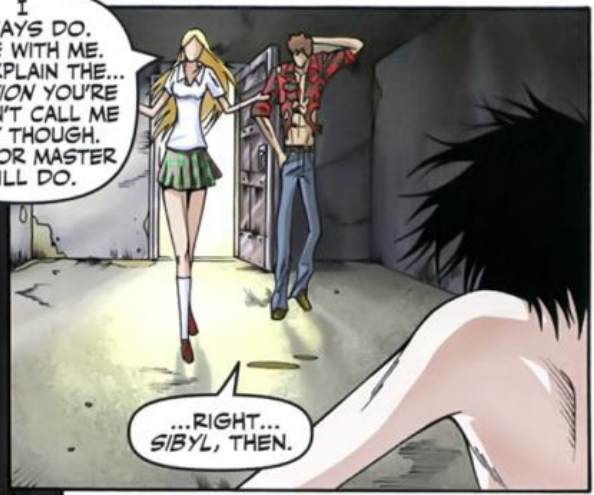




MY, MY...
YOU'RE A NOISY
ONE, AREN'T YOU?
I WOULDN'T BOTHER
WITH THAT...THESE
WALLS ARE SPECIALLY
DESIGNED TO WITHSTAND
YOUR INHUMAN STRENGTH.
I...CAN COME
BACK LATER, IF YOU
BOYS ARE STILL
DISCUSSING...



OKAY, FINE.
I GIVE UP, KID.
I'LL DO WHATEVER
YOU WANT.
YOU WIN.



I
ALWAYS DO.
COME WITH ME.
I'LL EXPLAIN THE...
SITUATION YOU'RE
IN. DON'T CALL ME
"KID," THOUGH.
SIBYL OR MASTER
WILL DO.

...RIGHT...
SIBYL, THEN.



AND WHAT
ABOUT YOU,
CUTIE?

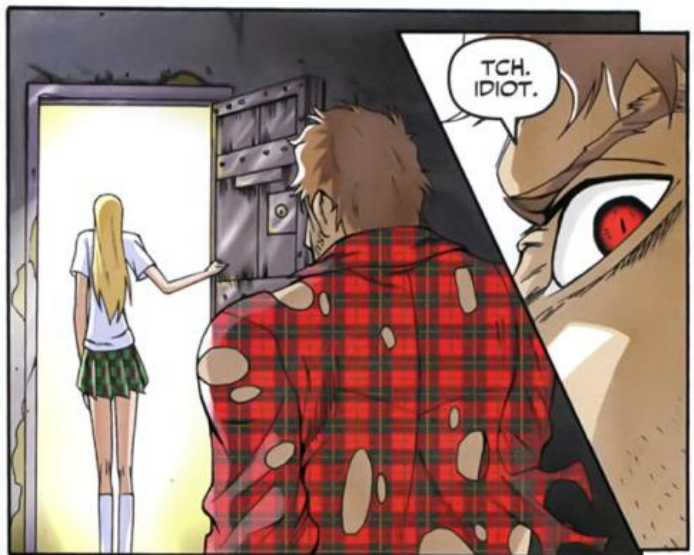


PTOO

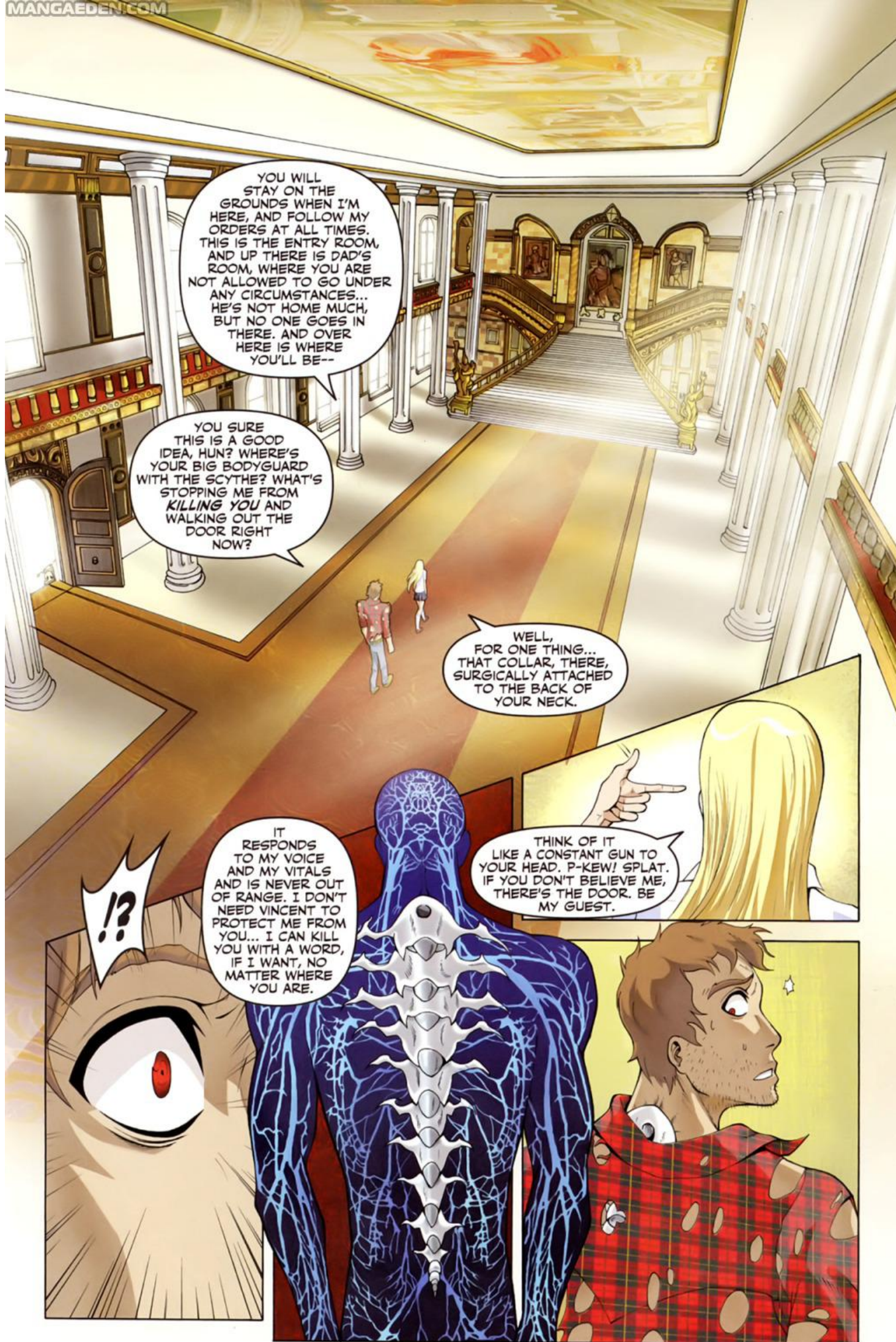
AH!

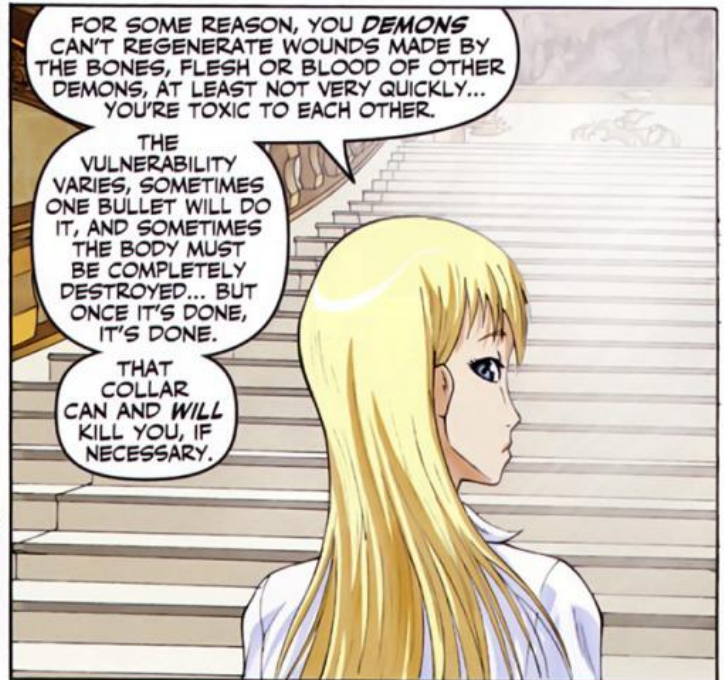


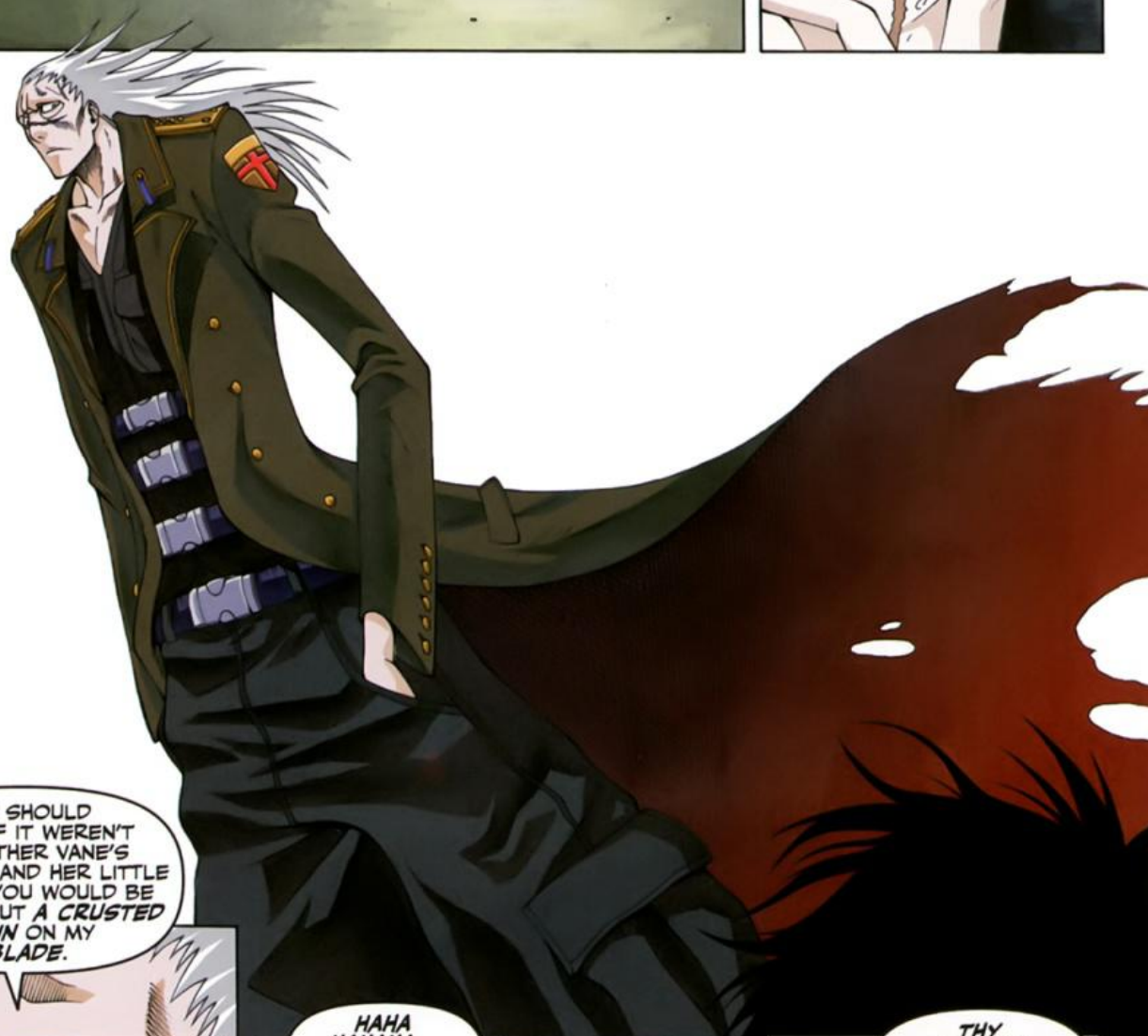
FINE,
HAVE IT YOUR
WAY.



TCH.
IDIOT.







YOU SHOULD KNOW: IF IT WEREN'T FOR FATHER VANE'S DAUGHTER AND HER LITTLE *GAMES*, YOU WOULD BE NOTHING BUT A *CRUSTED STAIN* ON MY *BLADE*.



HAHA
HAHAHA...
SUCH A *VULGAR*
THREAT,
GENERAL...



THY
TONGUE
OUTVENOMS ALL
THE *WORMS*
OF NILE.





MARK MY WORDS, DEMON, AND MARK THEM WELL: YOU *WILL* DIE, *VERY* SOON.



HER PROTECTION WILL *NOT* LAST FOREVER. SHE WILL LEAVE YOU UNTENDED, OR SHE WILL GET *BORED* OF YOU. AND WHEN THAT TIME COMES, IT WILL BE *MY* HANDS THAT WILL END YOU, ON THE *BATTLEFIELD*.

DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME?



I WOULDN'T HAVE IT ANY OTHER WAY.



THAT GOES FOR YOU AS WELL, HUMAN. *MINE* ARE THE ONLY HANDS THAT ARE ALLOWED TO HOLD YOUR ENTRAILS. IT WILL HAPPEN, I PROMISE YOU.



HEY,
WHAT ARE
YOU TWO TALKING
ABOUT?

JEEZ,
SUCH A
SERIOUS
ATMOSPHERE...
SHOO, SHOO,
VINCENT!

I'LL TAKE
IT FROM HERE.
GO ORDER THE COOKS
TO MAKE US SOME
LUNCH, WOULD
YOU, DEAR?

SORRY
ABOUT HIM...
WHILE MY FATHER
IS AWAY, VINCENT
GETS A LITTLE
OVERPROTECTIVE
SOMETIMES.

NOW,
HAVE YOU
THOUGHT
IT OV--

MMFF!!

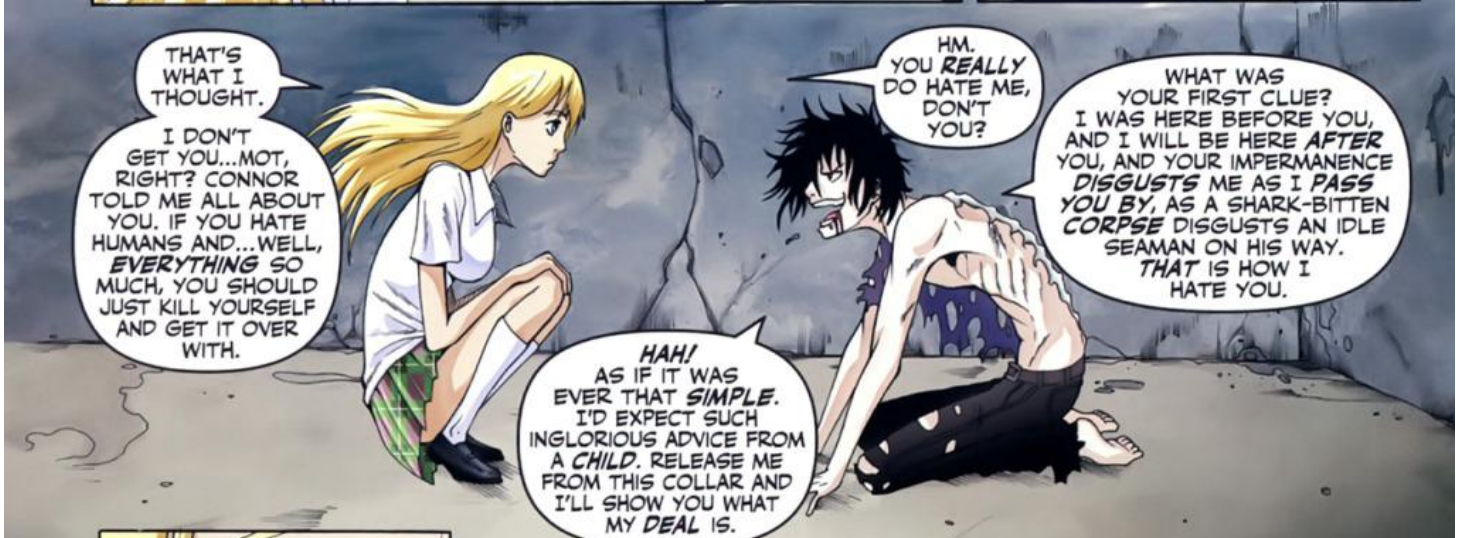
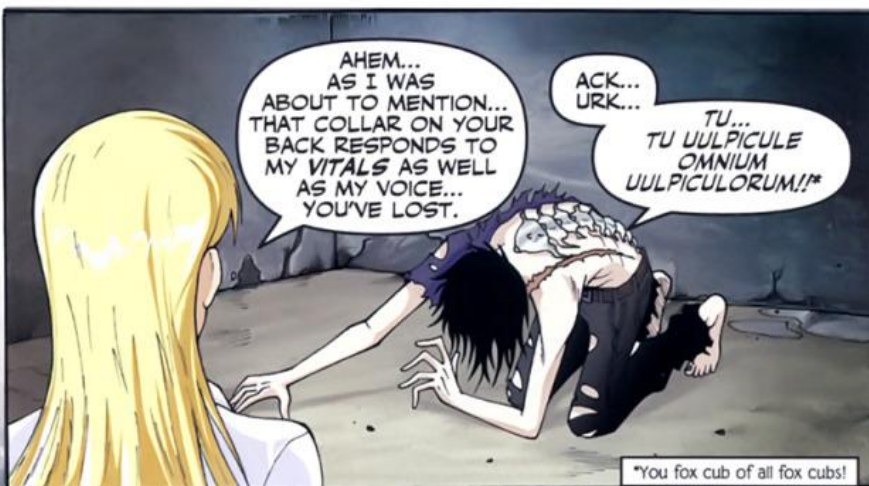
THUD

AAGGHHH!!!

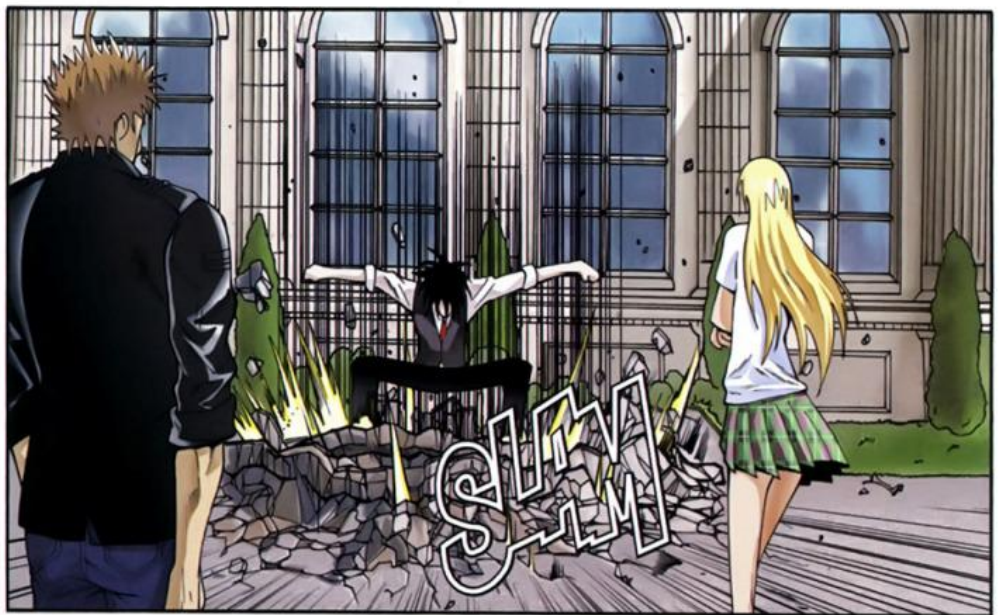
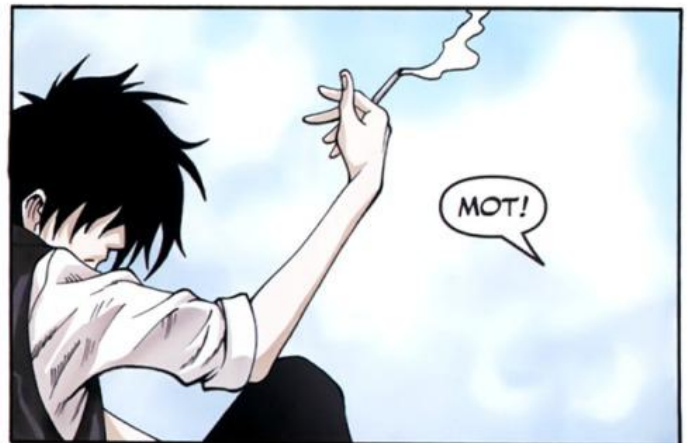
PSSSH

NOT THAT
IT HASN'T BEEN FUN,
"MASTER"...

KRACK







AH...THE BODY AND
THE BLOOD. APPROPRIATE,
DON'T YOU THINK?

NOW...
WHAT TO DO
ABOUT OUR
DEAR FALLEN
BRETHREN?

MOT HAS
MADE HIS CHOICE.
HE WANTS NOTHING TO
DO WITH US. WE SHOULD
LEAVE HIM BEHIND OR KILL HIM.
THERE IS NO ROOM ON
OLYMPUS FOR A
RELUCTANT GOD.

MOT IS A
POWERFUL ALLY, ANUBIS.
AFTER HIS DEFEAT BY THE
HUMANS, I'M SURE HE IS MORE
THAN WILLING TO HEAR RIPLEY'S
POINT. I WAS SKEPTICAL OF
THE HUMANS' TECHNOLOGY AS
WELL, AND I ADMITTED
I WAS WRONG--

DEAD WRONG.
MOT PLAYED US ALL
FOR FOOLS. I HAVE HALF A
MIND TO KILL HIM MYSELF.
JUST SAY THE WORD, RIPLEY,
AND I'LL PEEL HIS SKIN
LIKE A RIPE PIECE
OF FRUIT--

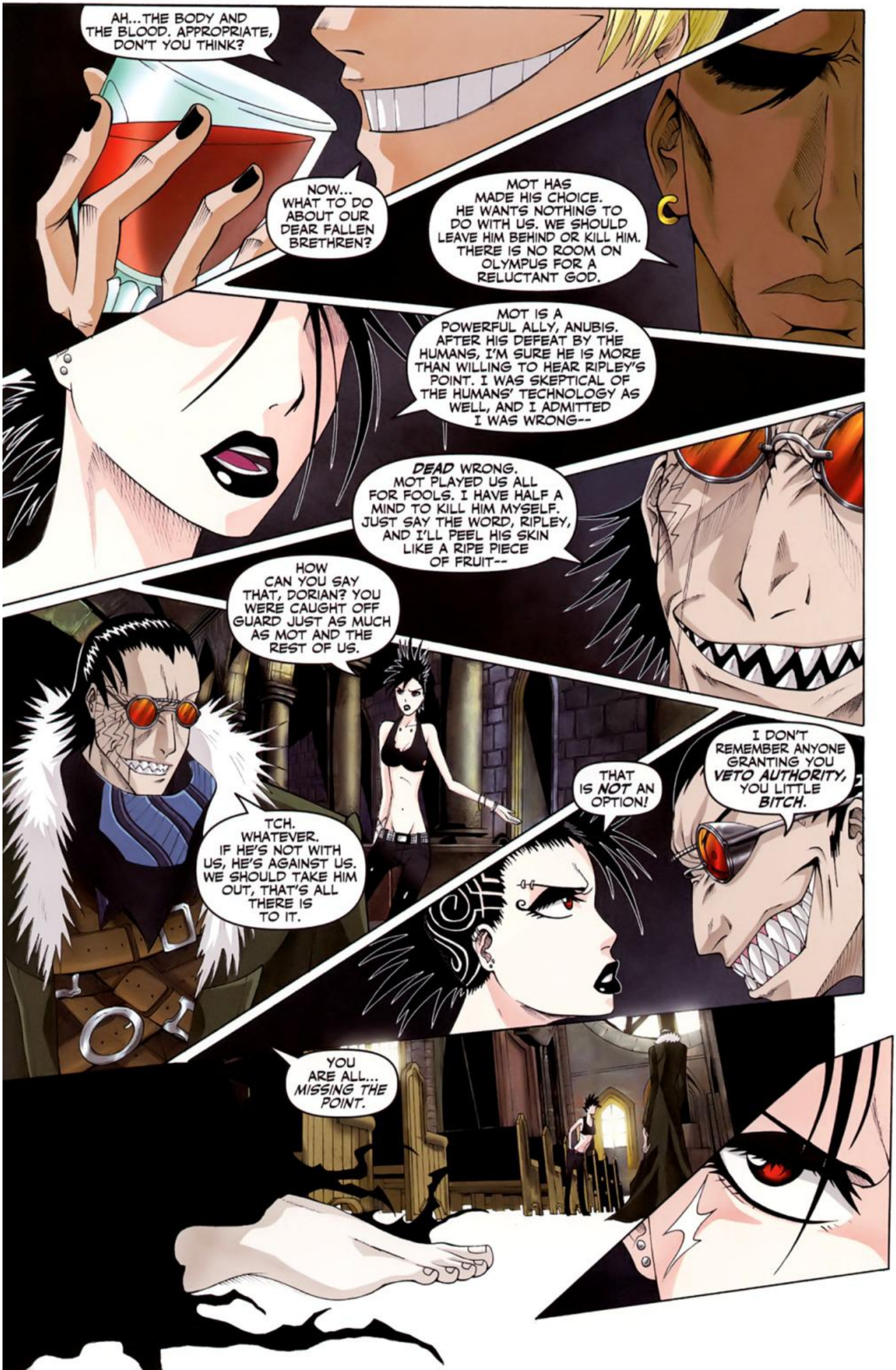
HOW
CAN YOU SAY
THAT, DORIAN? YOU
WERE CAUGHT OFF
GUARD JUST AS MUCH
AS MOT AND THE
REST OF US.

TCH.
WHATEVER.
IF HE'S NOT WITH
US, HE'S AGAINST US.
WE SHOULD TAKE HIM
OUT, THAT'S ALL
THERE IS
TO IT.

THAT
IS NOT
AN OPTION!

I DON'T
REMEMBER ANYONE
GRANTING YOU
VETO AUTHORITY,
YOU LITTLE
BITCH.

YOU
ARE ALL...
MISSING THE
POINT.









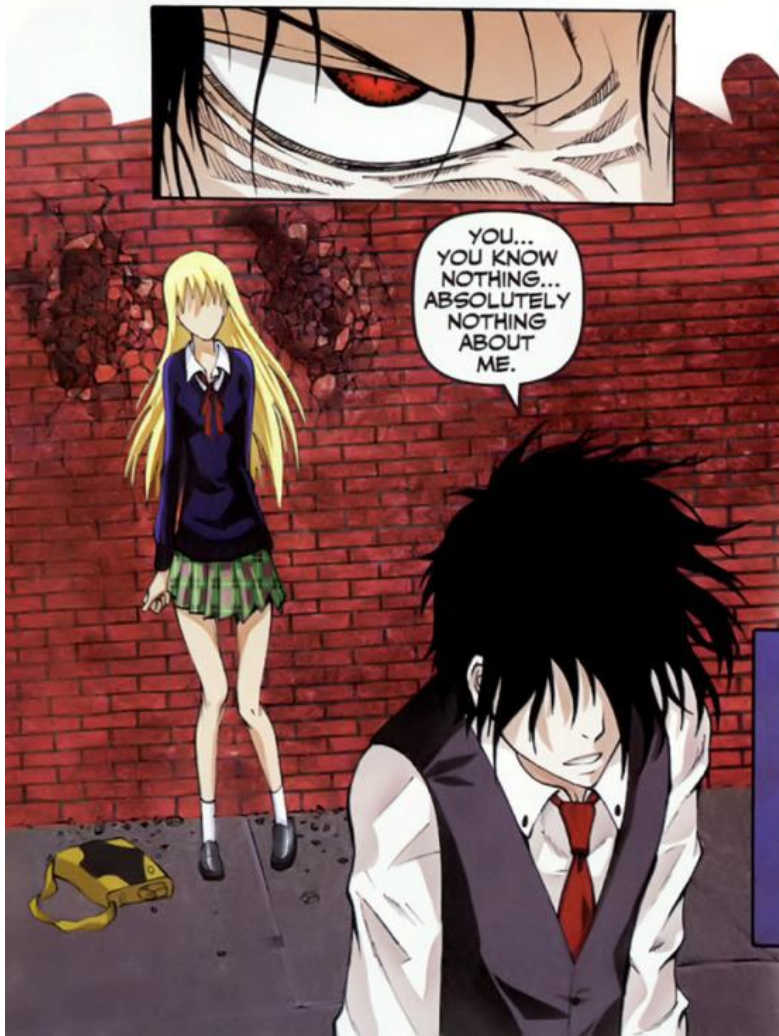


YOU...
YOU KNOW
NOTHING...
ABSOLUTELY
NOTHING
ABOUT
ME.



DOES ANYONE?
I CAN SEE
THROUGH YOU...
YOU'RE TRYING
TO CONVINCE
YOURSELF
THAT YOU
HATE ME.

BECAUSE
YOU THINK YOU
SHOULD HATE ME.
BUT THAT'S **NOT** IT.
WHY ARE YOU
LIKE THIS,
MOT?



GO
HOME,
HUMAN.









PFFT... PBBFFFFTT...!



BAHA
HAHAHAHA
HAHAHA
HA!

YOU'VE
GOTTA BE
KIDDING ME!!
AHAHAHA
HAHAHAHA
HAHA!!



AND WHY,
EXACTLY,
DO I HAVE
TO DO
THIS?



WELL,
FIRST THERE'S
THE PART WHERE
I OWN YOU, AND
YOU HAVE TO
DO WHAT I
SAY.



THEN THERE'S
THE FACT THAT I NEED
PROTECTION--THAT REVENANT
YOU KILLED WAS ONE OF MY
CLASSMATES. CAN'T TRUST
ANYONE ANYMORE
I GUESS.

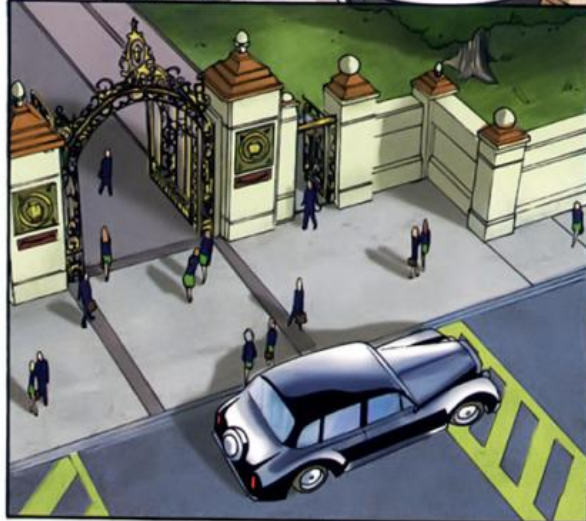
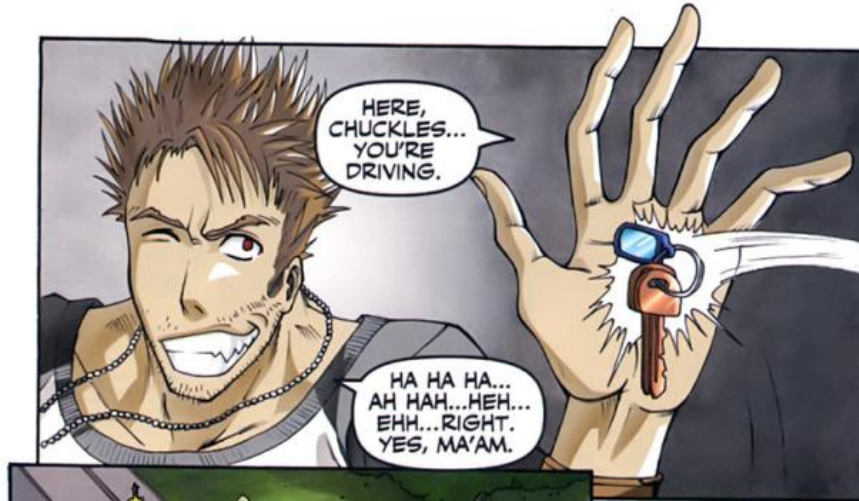
PLUS YOU'RE THE
FIRST DEMON...MONSTER...
WHATEVER I'VE FOUND THAT
COULD PASS FOR A HIGH SCHOOL KID.
SO YOU'RE COMING TO SCHOOL WITH
ME FROM HERE ON OUT.

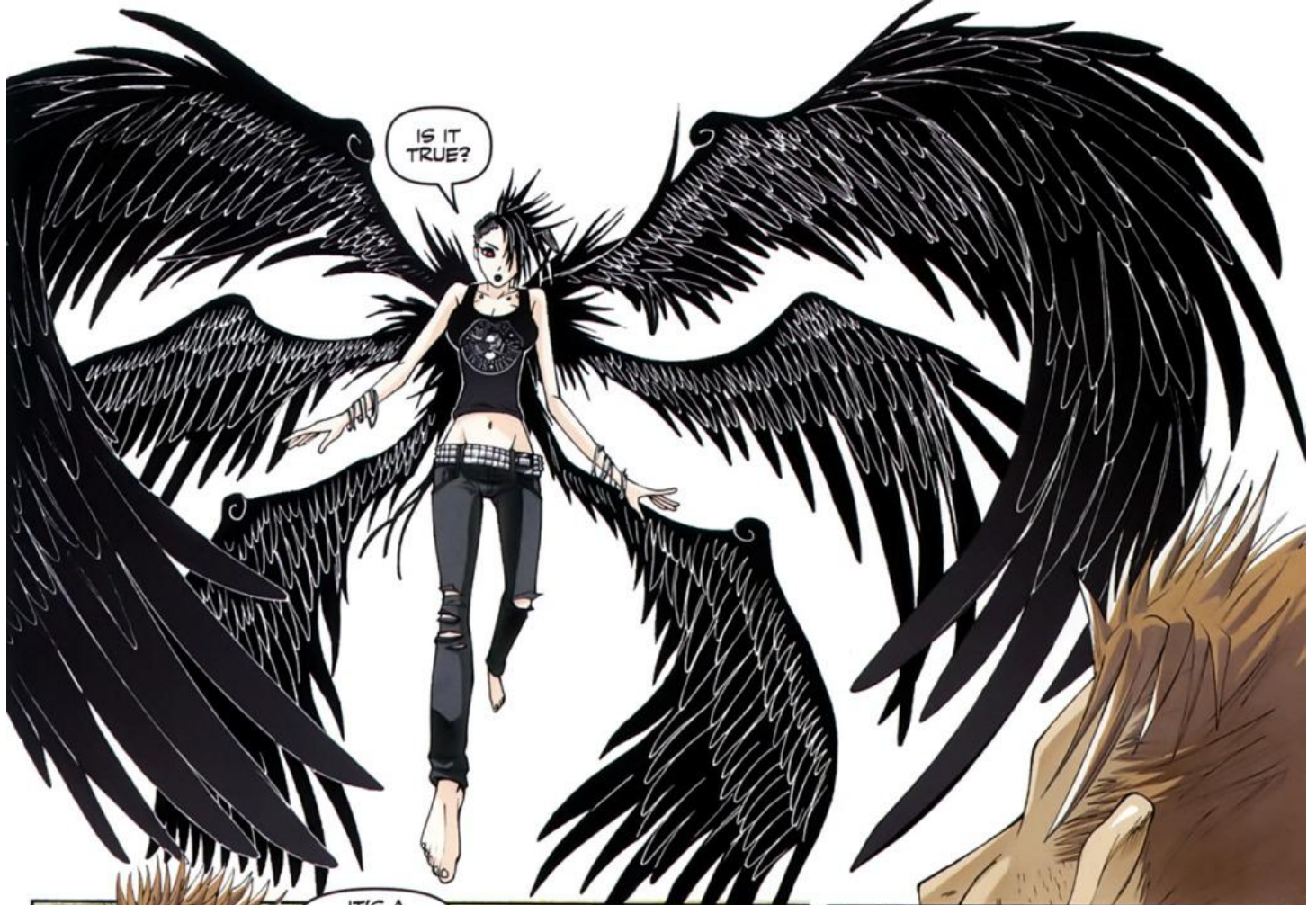


...I'VE LIVED
COUNTLESS
LIFETIMES...
AND YOU WANT ME
TO PRETEND I'M
AN EIGHTEEN-
YEAR-OLD--

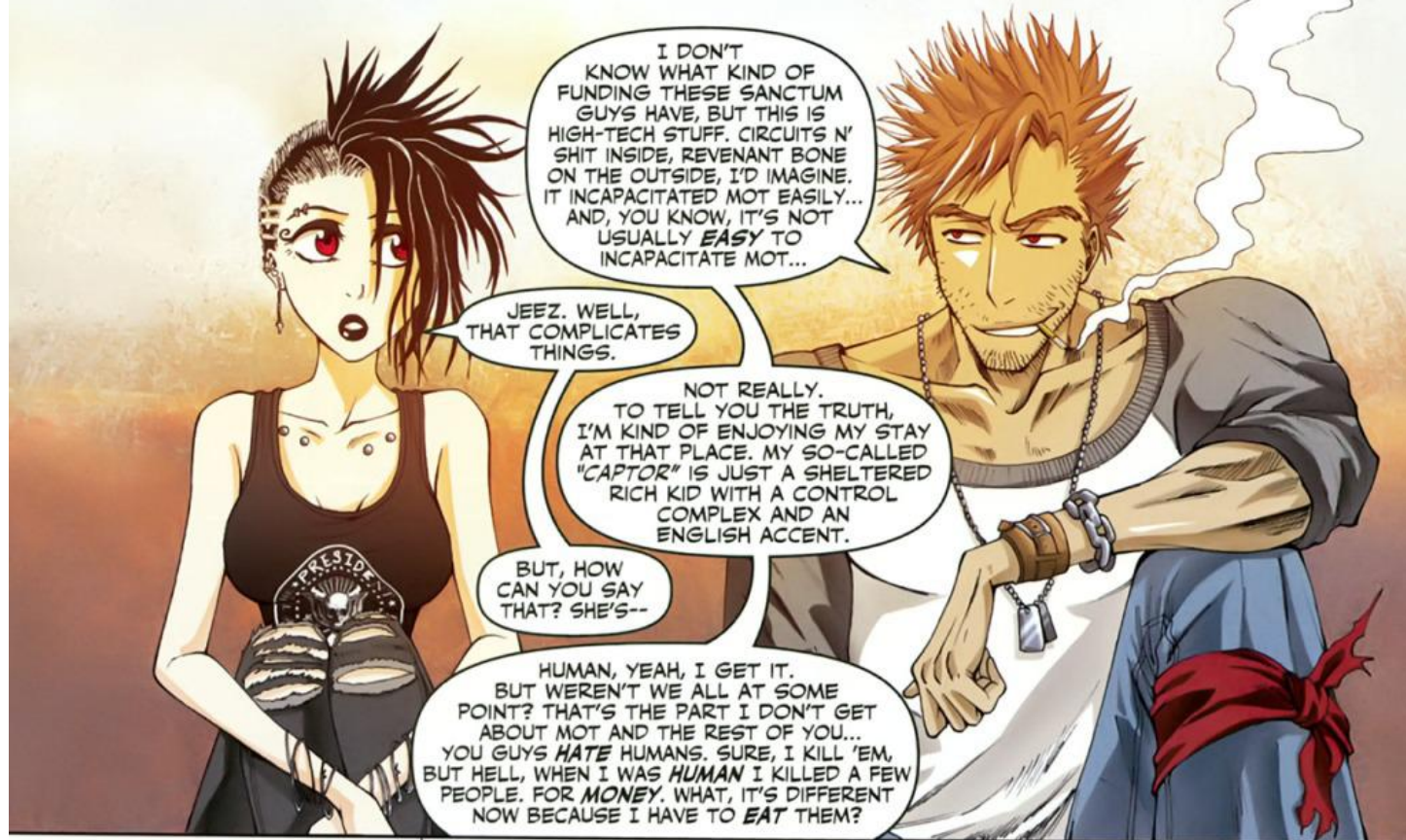
ACTUALLY,
YOU LOOK
ABOUT SIXTEEN,
MAYBE YOUNGER...
BUT WE CAN JUST
CREDIT THAT TO
YOUR BABY
FACE.

AHAHA
HAHAHAHA!!
NOT THE
SCHOOLBOY!!
AHAHAHAHAHAHA!!
THIS IS SO GOOD!!
THIS IS SOOOO
GOOD!!!!

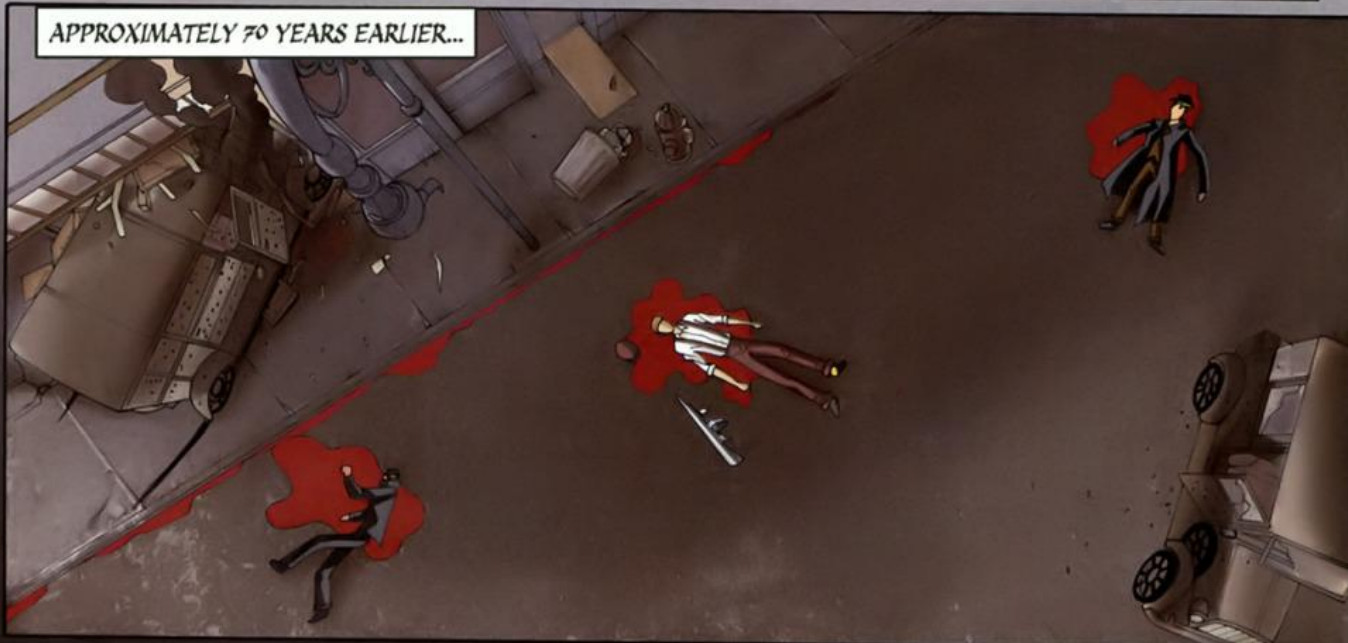


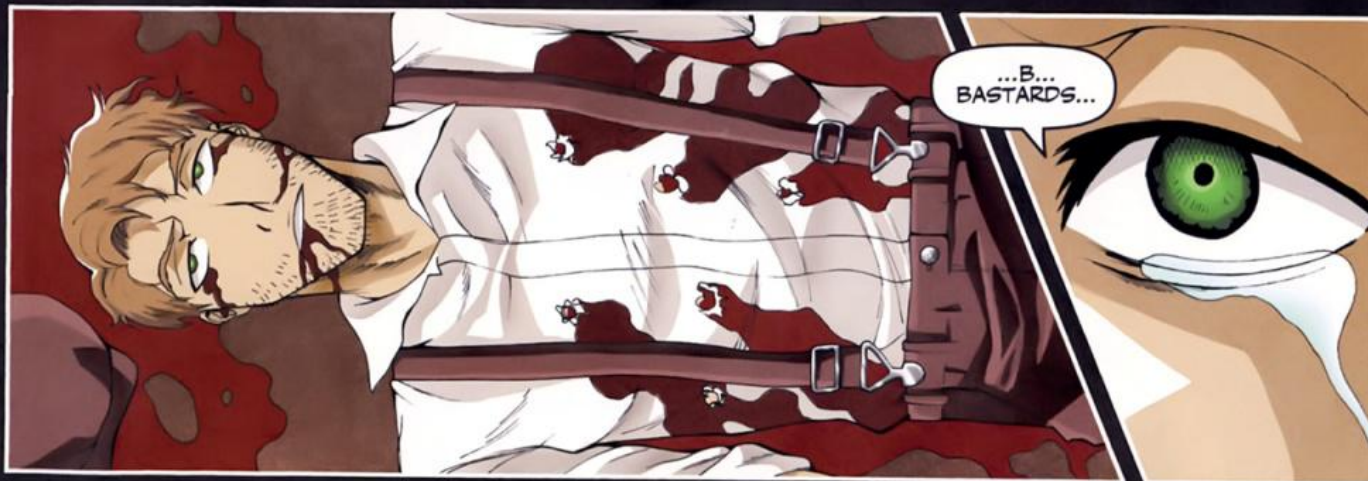






APPROXIMATELY 70 YEARS EARLIER...

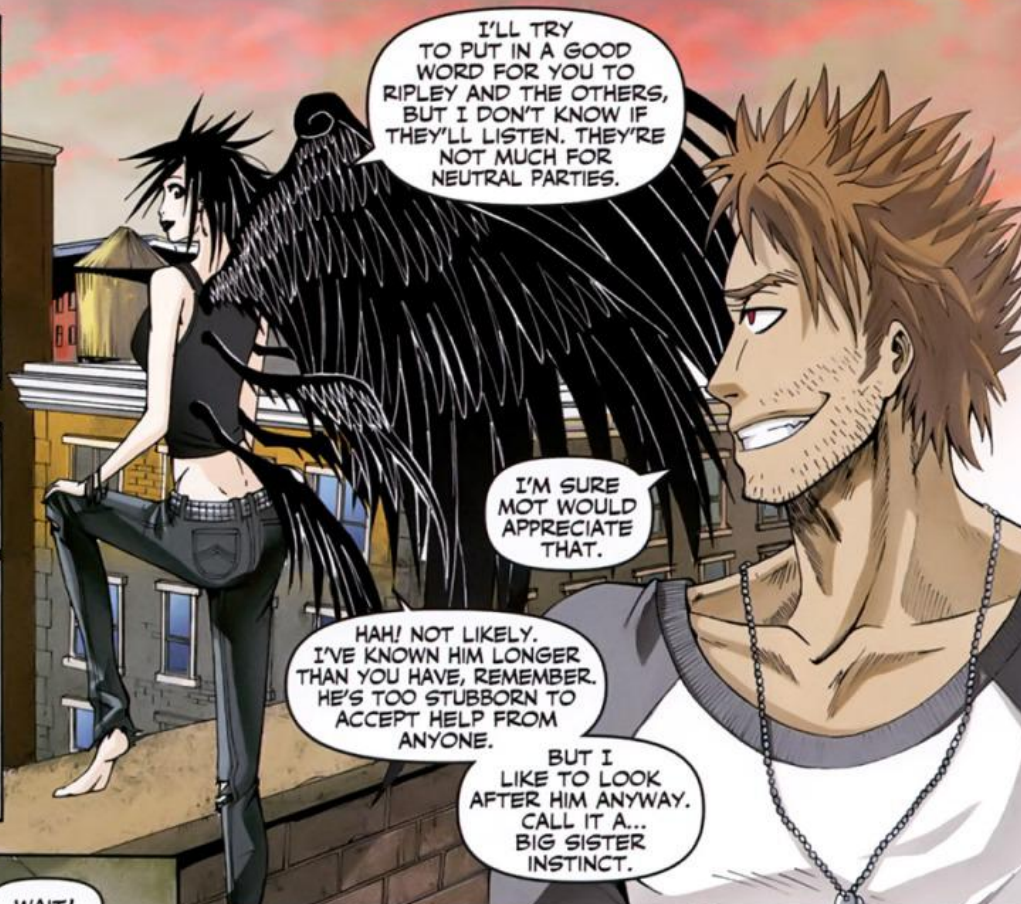




I
DON'T KNOW.
IS ANYONE?









OKAY!
OKAY! WHATEVER
YOU WANT! PLEASE...
PLEASE DON'T
KILL ME!!

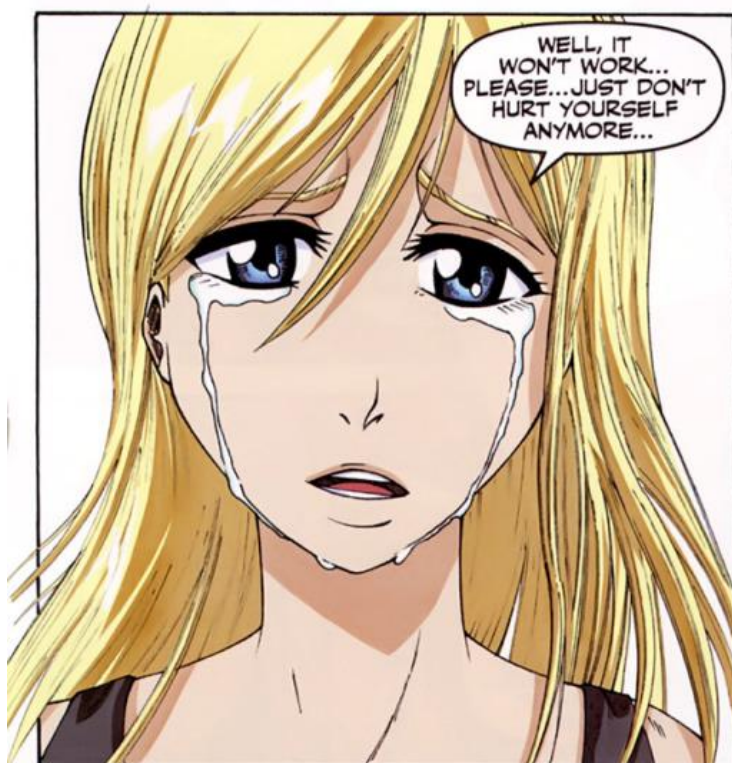
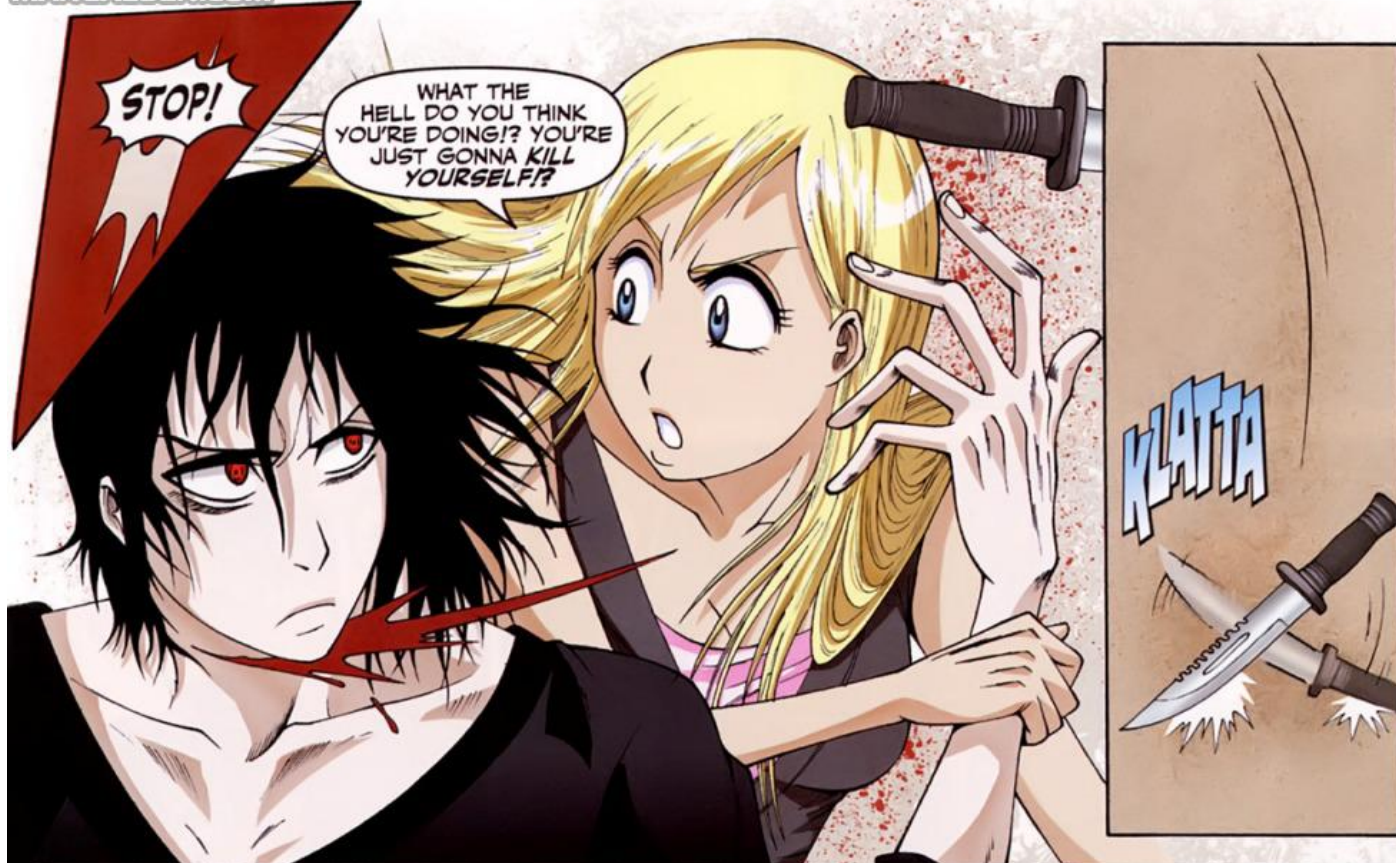
TELL ME
**EVERYTHING YOU
KNOW.** HOW DO I
GET IT OFF?

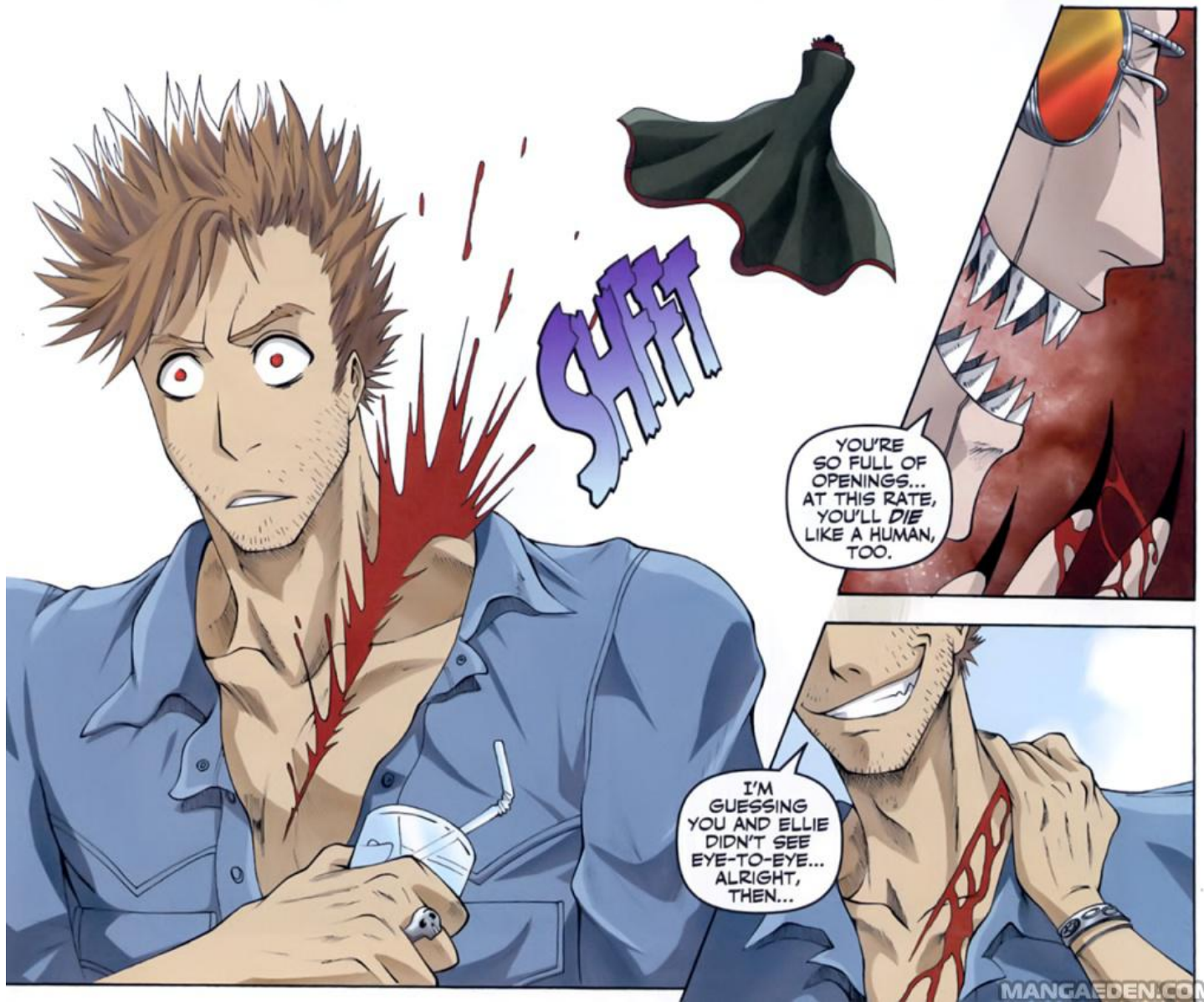
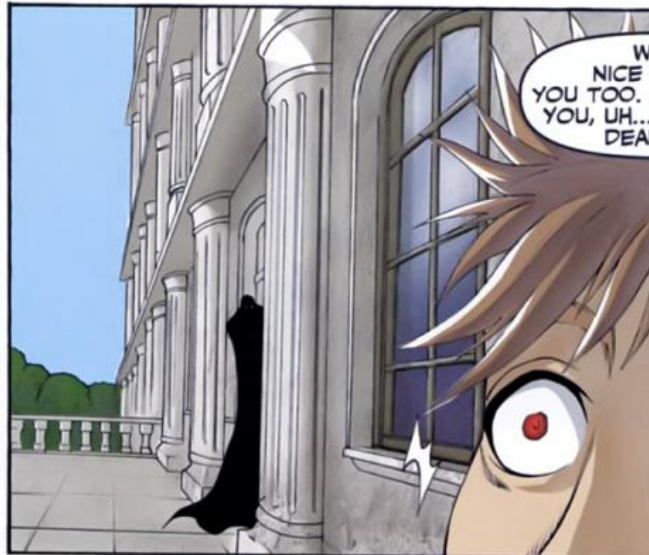
I DON'T
KNOW HOW
TO TAKE IT OFF!!
IT'S MADE OF...
BONES...**DEMON**
BONES...

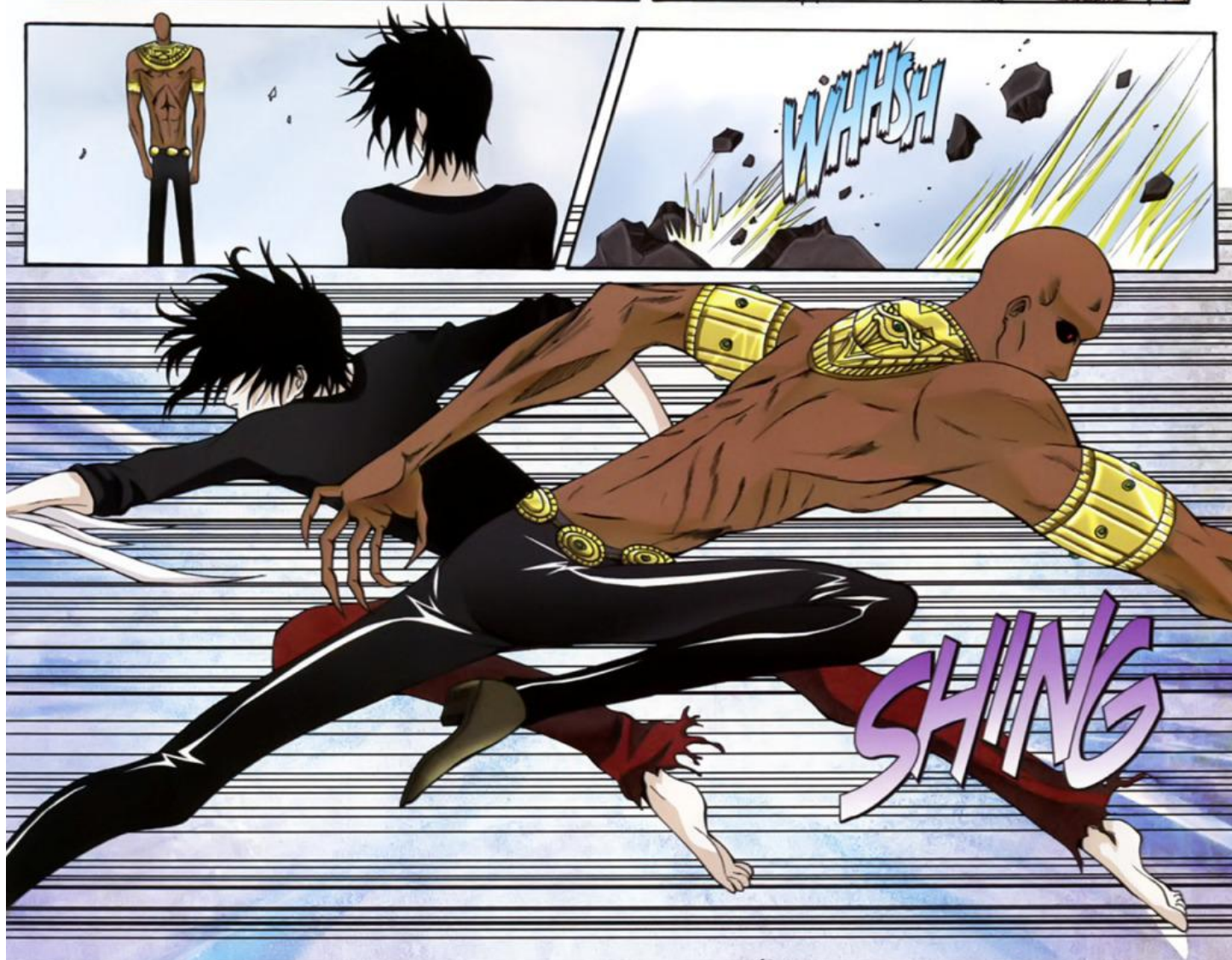
AND
THEY...THEY GO
OFF WHEN...FATHER
VANE'S DAUGHTER...
HER VITALS AND HER
VOICE...SIGNAL IT...
URGK...

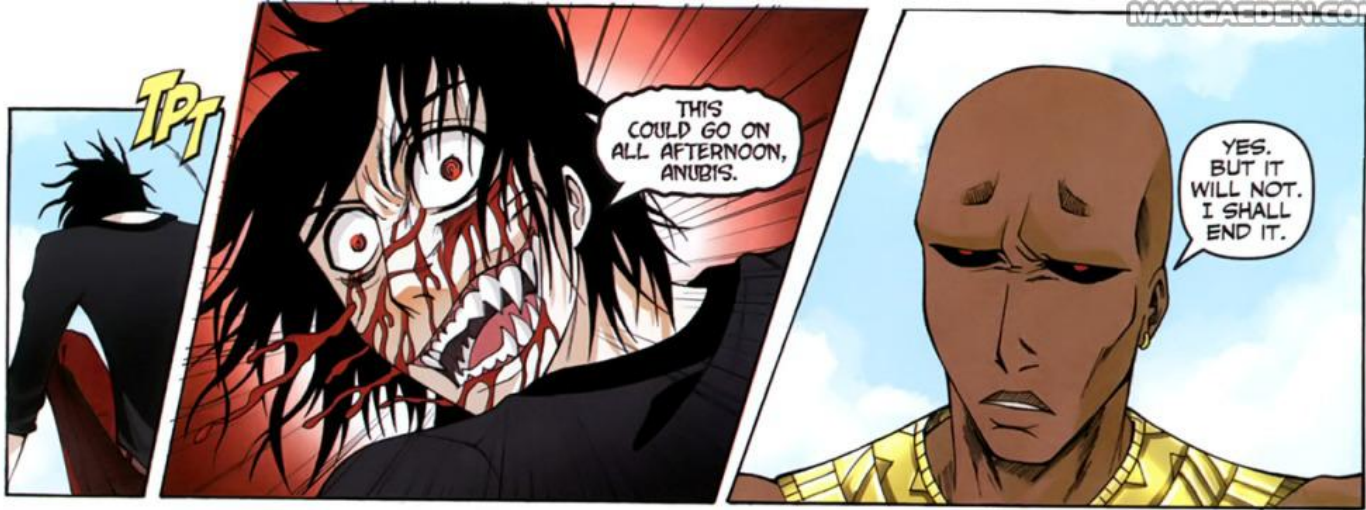
I SWEAR,
THAT'S ALL I
KNOW!! SHE'S THE
ONLY ONE WHO
KNOWS HOW TO
GET IT OFF!!

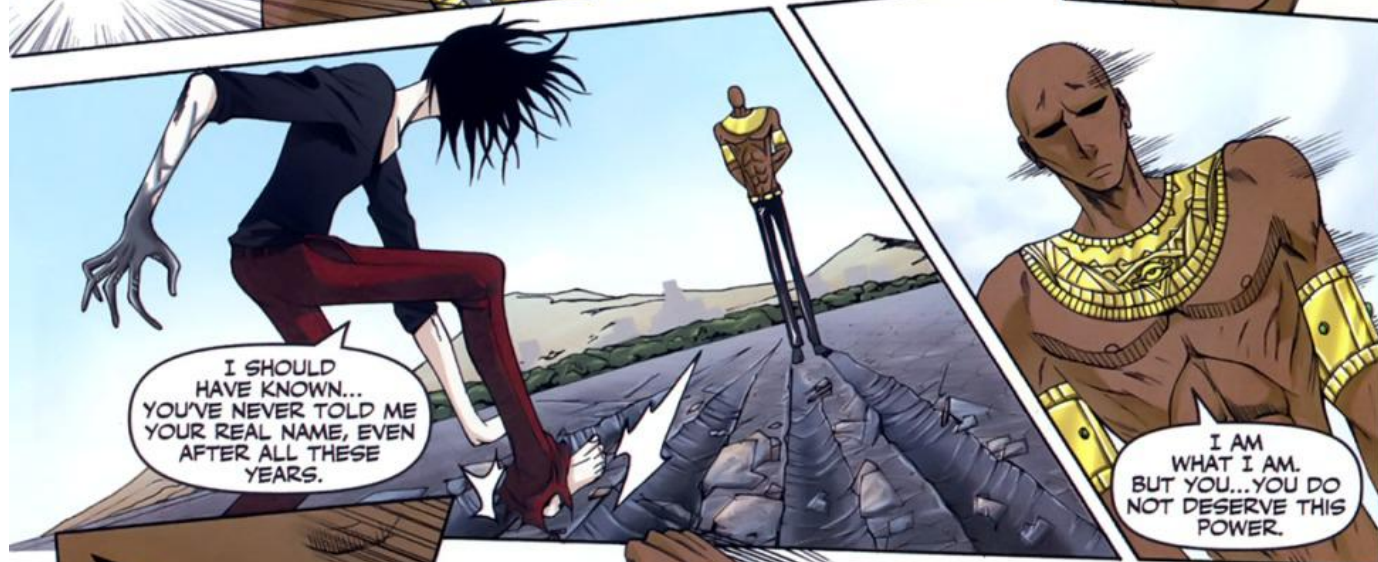
















HAH...HAH...
HA HA HA HA HA!!!
WHAT ARE YOU THINKING...
AT THIS MOMENT,
ANUBIS? Hmm...? COME ON...
TELL ME YOU WANT TO TEAR
ME APART...HAAAHH...TELL ME
YOU WANT TO BLEED ME
DRY...COME ON...
TELL ME YOU HATE ME!!
I WANT TO HEAR IT!!
TELL ME!!!

HAHH...HAHH...
I...WILL SHOW YOU...
MOT...YOU WILL SEE...
WHY I...HAAAHH...HAHHH...
I...AM WORTHY OF THE
OLD NAMES...

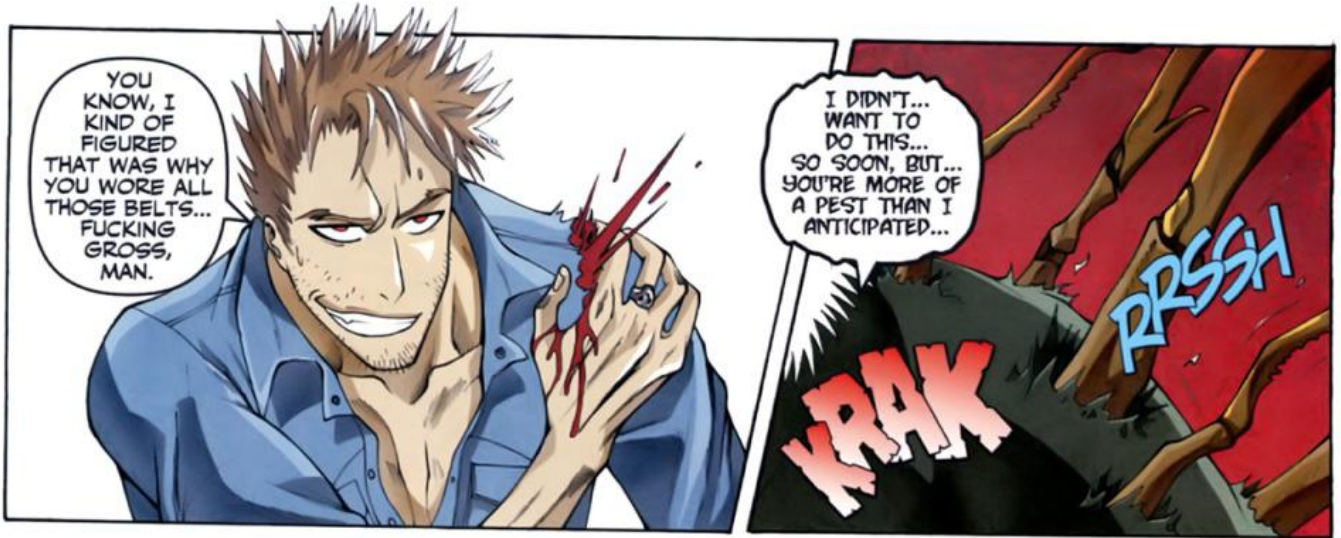


...AND
WHY YOU...

...ARE
WORTHY...
...OF
NOTHING!

OHO...
NOW THAT'S
A NOSTALGIC FACE.
SO, THE PETTY TRUTH IS
REVEALED. YOU'RE NOT
JUST HERE AS RIPLEY'S LAP
DOG, ARE YOU? ALTHOUGH...
YOU CERTAINLY LOOK
THE PART NOW.



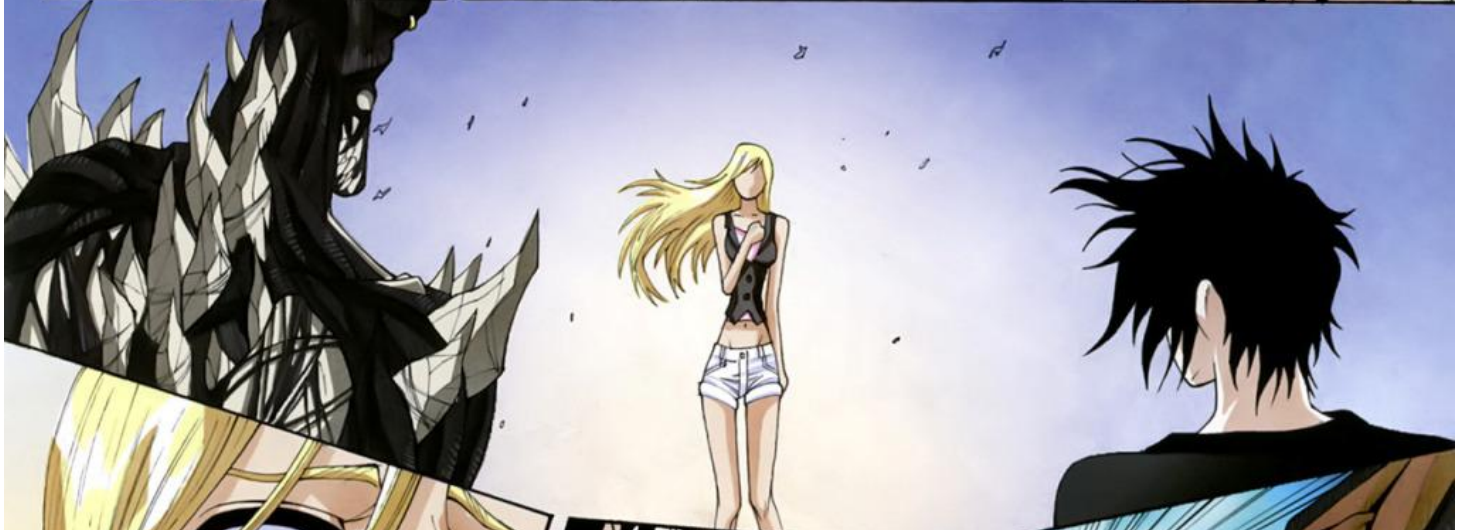




DO NOT
FALTER. DO NOT
LET YOUR GUARD
DOWN. DO NOT BLINK,
EVEN FOR A
MOMENT.

I WANT
TO MAKE THIS...
LAST.

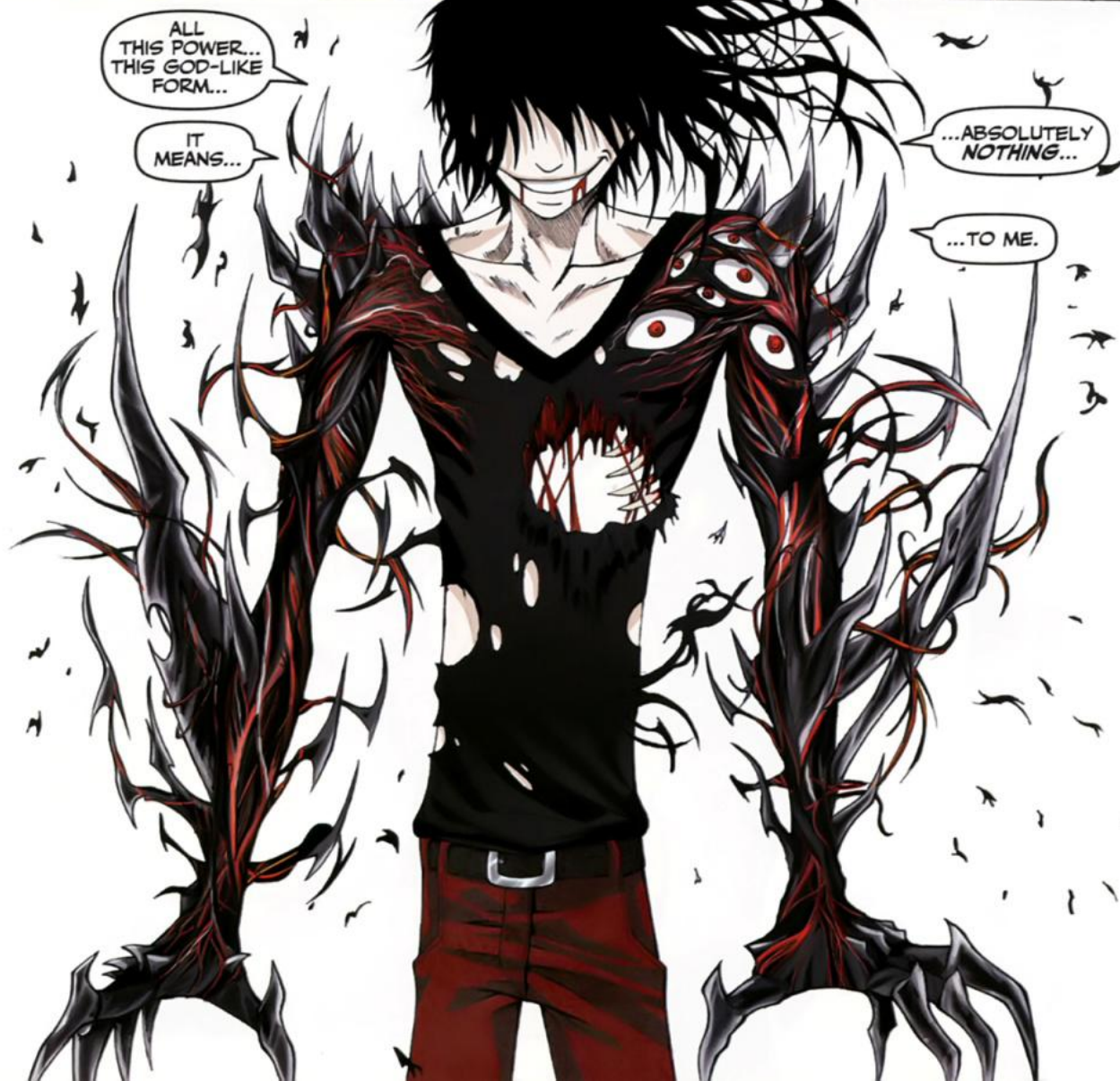
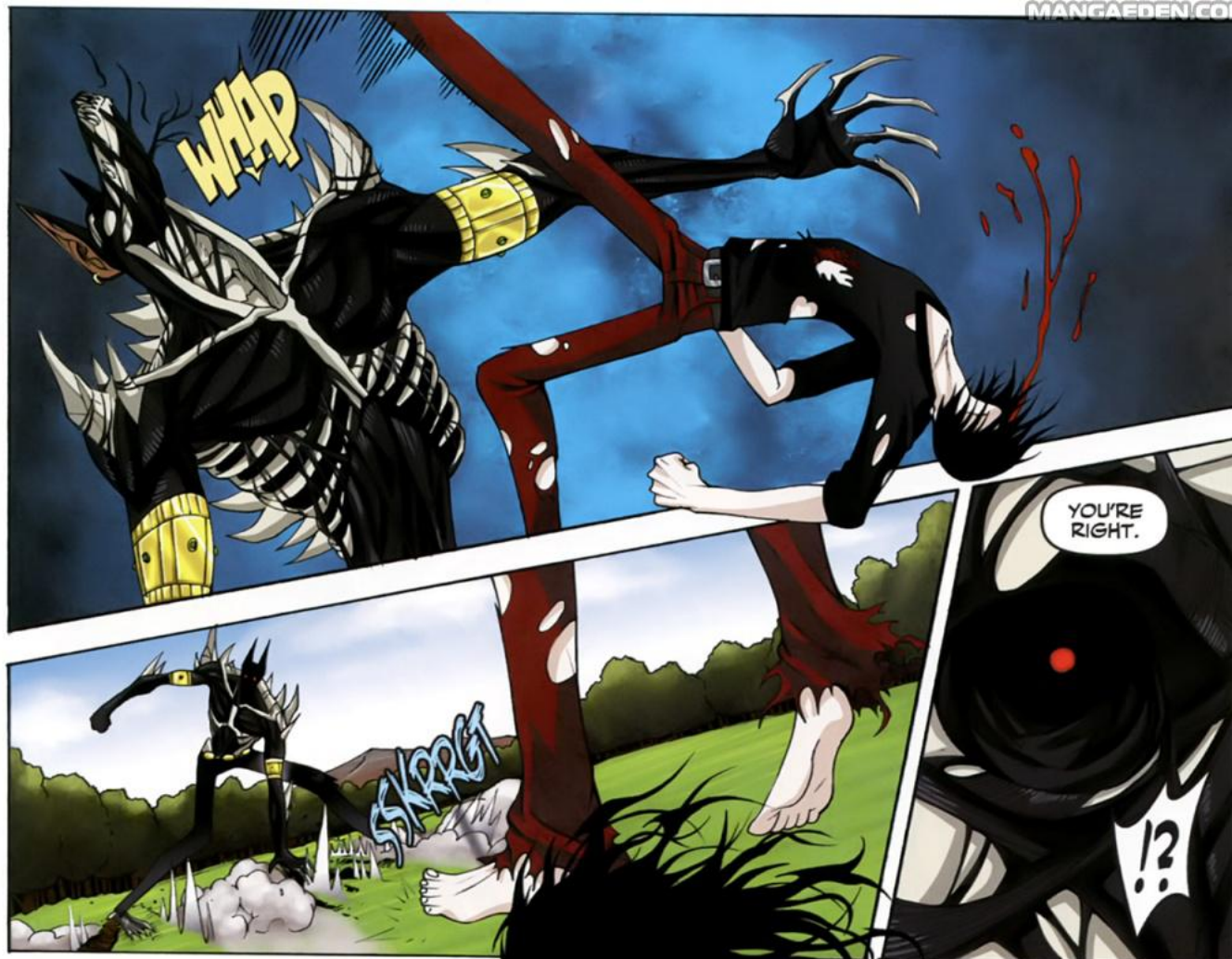
SHING



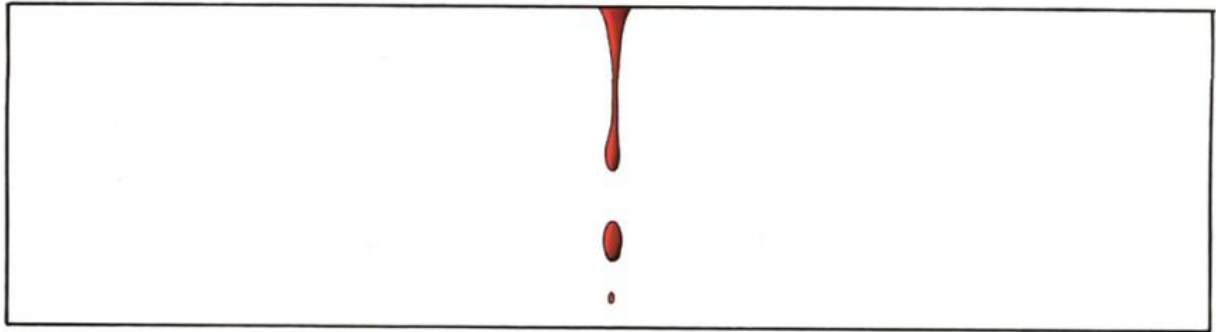


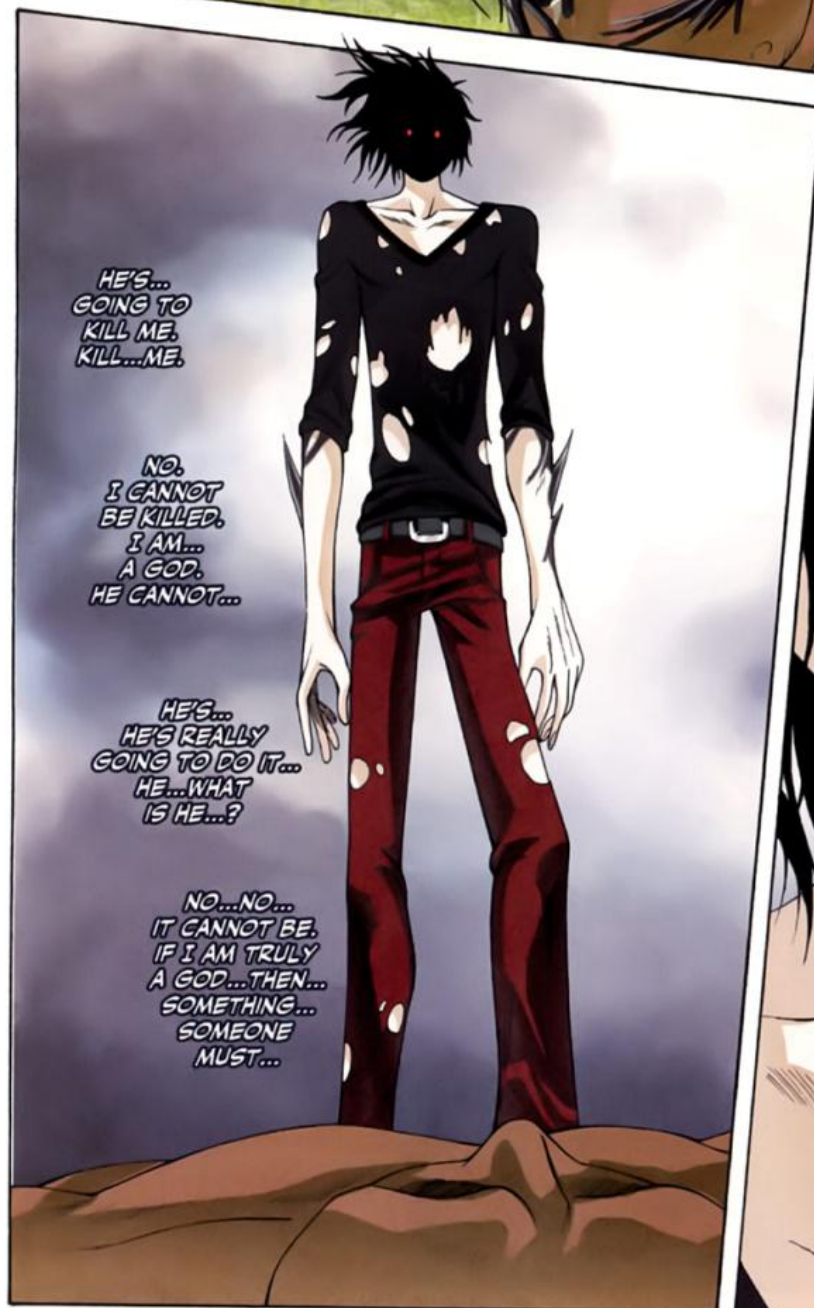












HE'S...
GOING TO
KILL ME.
KILL...ME.

NO.
I CANNOT
BE KILLED.
I AM...
A GOD.
HE CANNOT...

HE'S...
HE'S REALLY
GOING TO DO IT...
HE...WHAT
IS HE...?

NO...NO...
IT CANNOT BE.
IF I AM TRULY
A GOD...THEN...
SOMETHING...
SOMEONE
MUST...



IT IS
TIME YOU
TAKE YOUR
PLACE AMONG
MORTAL MEN,
O LORD OF
FLIES...





IN THE
YEARS TO
COME...

...YOU
WILL REALIZE
I'M RIGHT.

TO BE CONTINUED...

What would you know of The Hunger
What would you know of pain,
What would you know of The Thirst
That craves only the red rain

Would if I could, devour the sun & swallow its light,
Vomit shadows I would & plunge the world into perpetual night

What would you know of the struggle
What would you know about sadness,
Would you bleed the world & drink it dry
Till your intoxicated & filled with madness

Do you know what its like:
To walk amongst the living & not live, to behold the dying & not die
To have a heart & not love, to know sorrow & not cry

What would you know of eternity or immortality
Of the patience to remain unchanged & unaffected,
To watch all you've ever loved wither & perish
And remain alone...This is the path of The Unresurrected

